Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 359. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859. VOL. XIV. NO. 21.

The Professor's Poem.

From the Atlantic Monthly, March, 1859.

And now you may read these lines, which were written for gentle souls who love music, and read in even tones, and, perhaps, with something like a smile upon the reader's lips, at a meeting* where these musical friends had gathered. Whether they were written with smiles or not, you can guess better after you have read them.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tinkling quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

— Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow, — something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
— "Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard,)
"Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the *bird!*"

*At the annual meeting of the Harvard Musical Association. See this Journal of January 29.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Tomaschek.

Mr. Editor: — As Tomaschek is less widely known than he deserves to be, a slight sketch of his life and works may not perhaps prove unacceptable to the readers of your excellent Journal.

W. J. TOMASCHEK was born in the year 1774, at Skutsch, in Bohemia. He was educated for the bar, and was about receiving his final degree as Doctor of Laws, when Count Buguoy, one of the magnates of Bohemia, having accidentally heard the young lawyer's music to Bürger's "Leonora," thought it a pity such abilities should be lost to the musical world, and hence offered him a place for life in his service as "Composer." Tomaschek had thus time to devote himself entirely to Art, and, bringing the resources of a keen and cultivated intellect to bear upon the subject, he made the most severe theoretical and practical study of music, examining and comparing all known systems, from the earliest to the latest, and finally constructing one of his own, based upon the laws of nature, so rational, logical, simple, and condensed, that no student could avoid being struck by its beauty, and its superiority to all previously taught. Unfortunately, it was never published.

Tomaschek lived chiefly in Prague. With the Conservatorio of Music in that city he had no official connection, although the judgment of so excellent an artist was, of course, often consulted. His connection with musical associations was principally as follows; he was honorary member of the great Society of the Netherlands for the promotion of Music; Corresponding member of St. Ann's Musical Association, in Vienna; and honorary member of the great German National Association for Musical Art and Science, as also of the great musical Associations in Vienna, Insbruck, Pesth, Ofen, and Lemberg.

After a long, useful, and blameless life, Tomaschek died suddenly, in 1849, of a disease of the heart.

Although exacting and somewhat severe in his judgments, and impatient of all pretension and shallowness, he was a most delightful companion, with whom no man could associate without being directed toward all that is truly noble and elevating in life and in Art. As man and as artist he seems equally to have won the admiration of those who knew him best. He left behind him many works, some of which were published during his life, while others remain in manuscript to this day, if indeed they exist at all. The following list of his compositions is from memory, and by no means complete.

WORKS NEVER PUBLISHED.

Two Operas. The first, *Seraphine*, one of his earlier works, produced in Prague; the second, a far grander work, never produced.

Several Symphonies for full orchestra.

Several characteristic, dramatic, vocal and orchestral compositions, founded upon portions of *Faust*, *Wallenstein*, *Bride of Messina*, *&c*.

About seven piano Sonatas.

Numerous Songs, with orchestral or piano accompaniments.

WORKS PUBLISHED, NOT NOW TO BE OBTAINED.

One Quartet, for piano and stringed instruments.

One Trio, for piano, violin, and violoncello.

These works are said to be models of beauty of form and artistic treatment, but they are now out of print, and it is even feared that the plates have been destroyed.

WORKS PUBLISHED, STILL TO BE OBTAINED.

A solemn *Requiem*, vocal and orchestral, Op. 70.

A second *Requiem*, vocal, with accompaniment of double basses and violoncellos, Op. 72.

A solemn Mass, in C major, Op. 81, composed for the coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand, when crowned in Prague King of Bohemia.

Another orchestral Mass in E flat, never published in score, only in the separate parts.

Te Deum, for orchestra and chorus, Op. 79.

The Lord's Prayer, arranged for solos and chorus, with piano accompaniment, and ending in a fine fugue.

Many Songs. Lyrics of Goethe and other poets, with two sets of songs in the Bohemian language.

Two Overtures. One to *Seraphine*, Op. 36; One in fugue style, Op. 38. Both are arranged for four hands on the piano by Tomaschek himself.

3 Piano Sonatas.

3 Dithyrambs.

4 Books of Rhapsodies.

7 Books of Eclogues.

Tre Allegri capricciosi di bravura. Op. 52.

Tomaschek was the first who wrote in the four forms last mentioned.

Those desirous of acquiring a knowledge of Tomaschek's style and power as a composer, are directed especially to his *Requiem*, Op. 70, a noble work, challenging comparison with the two most renowned the world has known, that of Cherubini for full orchestra and chorus, in C minor, and that of Mozart in D minor. A patient and impartial student of the three, considering all things, science, melody, adaptation of music to words, and religious elevation and comprehension, would not, we think, long hesitate to which to award the palm. The following are also among his most characteristic compositions: — The *Missa Solennis*, Op. 81; Nos. 2 and 3 of *The Allegri di bravura*, Op. 52; 2 books, Op. 41 and Op. 110, of the Rhapsodies; and many, too numerous to mention, of his charming Eclogues.

These works are characterized by clearness and freshness, manly vigor and energy, tenderness, passion, and grandeur. However large or small the form, each whole is complete in itself. There is never a measure or a note too much or too little. Nothing can be slighted, for everything has a meaning. There is no wandering off into mere passages to fill up a vacuum in thought and hence these compositions require for their performance and proper appreciation, intelligent and conscientious artists.

So wide a culture as Tomaschek possessed of course preserved him from many faults of taste

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into which others in his day had fallen. We cannot avoid, as with Chopin, being continually startled by the wealth of invention and novelty of effects which he displays; and the mastery with which he moved through the most intricate contrapuntal mazes, remind us of Sebastian Bach's wonderful skill in the independent and flowing treatment of combined parts. (In our day, it is the *successive* rather than the *simultaneous* parts which are apt to be somewhat *too independent.*)

Tomaschek was eminently a self-conscious artist, aware of all he did and why he did it, intellect and feeling moving together; and his productions recall to us noble paintings of which we find every part dwelt upon with care and love, and each minute portion highly finished, although of course, with all proper subordination to the general effect of the whole.

This tribute to the memory of a great man has been drawn forth by a sense of the justice due to departed genius and worth. Let the world, if it must, ignore living greatness, but at least, after death, let "all these odds be made even," and the meed of praise bestowed where it is truly due.

New York, Feb. 1, 1859. L. D. P.

ANALYSIS OF Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

Part II. (Concluded.)

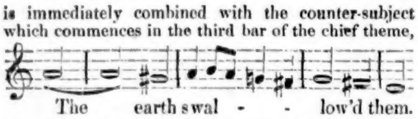
(24). *Chorus.*—Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the Gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?

Thou strechedst out Thy right hand, the earth swallowed them.

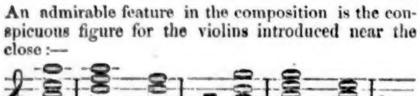
This Chorus opens with another, the last, of those grand introductory movements that not only give pre-eminent solemnity and emphasis to the portions of the text they declaim, but tend greatly to signalize the entire work with the peculiar character of dignity and majestic earnestness which I think renders it perfectly unique among all the productions of musical art.

The fugue, to which the last four words alone are set, I can but conjecture to embody an ecclesiastical regard of the awful manifestation of the might of Heaven, rather than a retrospect, through the vista of human associations, of its horrors, and that it conveys an analogous expression with that of the earlier Chorus, "Thou sentest forth," of a very analogous text, and maintaining the supposed design of withholding from this Part of the Oratorio all representation of the present effect of the tremendous incidents that are depicted as in actual occurrence in the First Part. The subject—

is immediately combined with the counter-subject which commences in the third bar of the chief theme,



An admirable feature in the composition is the conspicuous figure for the violins introduced near the close:—



which is wholly independent of the vocal progressions.

This fugue is the most important, because the most unqualified, appropriation from the often-cited *Magnificat* of which it is the final Chorus; the only modification of the original the version before us presents is the addition of some notes of ornament in the counter-subject,—the entire conduct of the plan, to the precise number of bars, even the remarkable instrumental figure at the end, are the same.

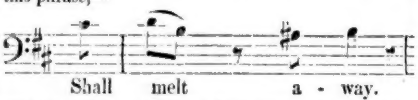
(25). *Duet.*—Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth Thy people which Thou hast redeemed: Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation.

Let us imagine in this mournful Duet the contrition that alone can propitiate for time to come the mercy which has wrought the redemption this entire Part is to celebrate,—a feeling of unworthiness of what has been, which makes benefits press heavier than chastisement upon the soul, but stimulates highest resolves for future deserving. The second sentence of the text is set with a stronger expression of confidence gathered from the sense of security these words imply.

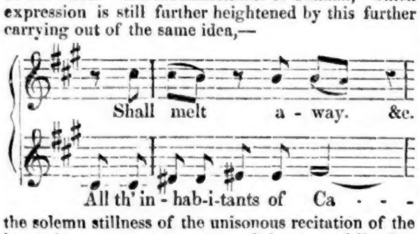
I have here to make a last allusion to the *Magnificat,* whence so many of the leading ideas of this division of *Israel in Egypt* have been derived; in that there is a Duet, also, for tenor and alto, but in E instead of D minor, which exactly corresponds with the opening of the Duet before us; but, breaking off after the first ensemble, it is the only instance in which the unquestionable original surpasses in merit and interest as a composition, the subsequent piece that has been modelled upon it.

(26.) *Chorus.*—The people shall hear and be afraid, sorrow shall take hold on them, all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away, by the greatness of Thy arm, they shall be as still as a stone till Thy people pass over, O Lord, which thou hast purchased.

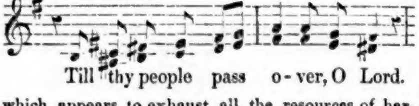
This and the following piece constitute a most important episode in the grand theme the composer has chosen. The rejoicing and thanksgiving of the present, on account of the glorious wonders of the most recent past, are here suspended for the contemplation of the no less glorious if less awful wonders of the future, that Divine promise has assured to the enfranchised people. The happy goal of all their desire is but to be gained by means of the still further miraculous intervention of the same Power which has brought the Israelites thus far towards it; and their only prospect of the land of promise is through the idea of the total overthrow of the nation that now luxuriates in its rich fertility. The vague apprehension of a coming event is a remotely different feeling from the definite recollection of one we have witnessed, and the dreamy, mysterious foreboding is the feeling the composer here embodies, in opposition to the living consciousness he has realized in the foregoing development of his subject. The movement under consideration is in many respects the most remarkable, and, to my own individual appreciation, the most beautiful in the Oratorio; it is by far the longest; its design is the most comprehensive and extensive; it contains a greater number and variety of ideas than any other; its phraseology, its harmonic progressions, its modulations, are throughout conspicuous for their peculiarly modern character, for their peculiarly technical beauty, for their peculiar fitness to the unfolding of the master's great conception; and this conception —— silence is the only veil for the utter inefficiency of words either to describe or to eulogize it: Handel must have concentrated the utmost power of even his transcendent genius upon this one point, to have surpassed Handel as he has done in its present marvellous manifestation. I shall best illustrate the purpose and effect of the extraordinary Chorus by cataloguing, without comment, the principal elements of which it is formed: the long-continued, anxious motion of the accompaniment; the gradual climax of the declamation of the opening words; the singularly graphic expression of this phrase,—



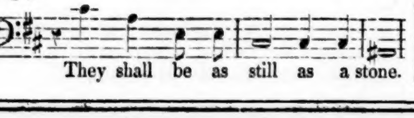
coming as it does after the first emphatic enunciation of the words "All the inhabitants of Canaan," which expression is still further heightened by this further carrying out of the same idea,—



the solemn stillness of the unisonous recitation of the low voices upon a monotone of the next following words; the multitudinous effect of the complicate elaboration of the phrase,—



which appears to exhaust all the resources of harmony; the terrible grandeur of the descending passage,—



with the impressive change of harmony and of key on the last note; and the great energy attained by the cessation of all motion and interweaving of the parts, and the single enunciation, wherever they occur, of the last four words. Without the dazzling accessory and brilliancy of effect which would have been wholly irrelevant to the situation, and would have always been felt to be so, this Chorus must ever make a thrilling and a deep impression on all who hear it with attention and with belief in its excellence, of which that impression will be the true metre. It is interesting to notice that the entire setting of the words "All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away," is an interpolation (introduced by a sign of reference in the MS.) after the original composition of this Chorus, and as interesting to observe how indispensable to the completeness of the whole does this remarkable passage now appear.

(27). *Air.*—Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.

Looking now beyond the medium of sorrow and death, through which only the promised land is to be attained, the chosen people regard Canaan as in their possession, and they see in it an abode of peace that toil and sadness cannot enter, but where gentle love and continuous content will make up the tranquil sum of life. The composer has rendered this idea in a song which is not merely a most artistic contrast to the great Chorus immediately preceding it, but a piece perfectly distinct in character and expression from everything in the work, and so most true to the present situation, which is the only one where the placid calmness of hope relieves the ever-varying tumult of exciting emotions that—whether in the witnessing, or in the retrospect, or in the anticipation of the terrors of Almighty power—constitutes the entire matter of the Oratorio. He has rendered this idea in a definitely rhythmical, flowing melody, of such loveliness as no one has ever been better able than Handel to produce, which is the only one the text of *Israel in Egypt* gave him opportunity to write, and which draws yet additional beauty from its opposition to the gloom and the grandeur that surround it, as the rainbow's brightness is in proportion to the darkness of the cloud in which it is reflected. This, with the preceding movement, completes the episode of the anticipated approach to and possession of the promised home beyond the wilderness.

The Air before us affords another example of Mendelssohn's felicitous carrying out of the composer's conception, in the beautiful additions of his organ-part to the original skeleton score, which are again so completely incorporated into Handel's idea, that this must henceforth always appear incompletely expressed without them.

(28).—Chorus, Recitative, and Solo.

Chorus.—The Lord shall reign for ever.

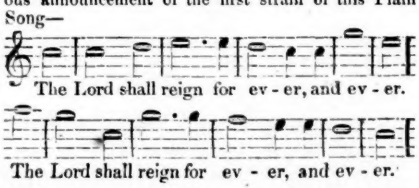
Recit.—For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them: but the Children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

Chorus.—The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

Recit.—And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them:

Solo and Chorus.—Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

Now, it should seem, the assembled nation grow impatient of any theme that distracts their thoughts, while their feeling is unchangeable from the great rejoicing they are gathered in thronging thousands to celebrate, and their enthusiasm, stimulated anew by the happy prophecy conveyed in the last words, breaks forth in an exclamation of rapture that includes the past and the present with all time to come in declaring the eternity of the reign of the Lord. The unisonous announcement of the first strain of this Plain Song—



against the moving Counterpoint of the bass instruments, its repetition with the full harmony of voices and orchestra, and its continuation in the second strain with the accelerated motion of the instruments, have such broad and simple grandeur, and such continually accumulating power, as are not to be surpassed; and raise in us a sense of stupendous immensity that no human production can, in its effects upon the imagination, ever more than equal. One among the people, or, we may suppose, Moses, God's agent in their deliverance, recalls to them the recent destruction of Pharaoh, and they burst forth again in

their exulting song of jubilant gratitude and praise. The High Priest's sister, with a far-reaching train of maidens glowing in healthful beauty, as pure in thought, dances amid the clangor of the joyous instruments they bear, to the front of the enraptured multitude; to the notes of the Plain Song that has just been poured out in an unanimous shout of fervor by the people, she repeats, as an exhortation, the words that opened this great solemnity, and the people answer her in tumultuous echo, phrase by phrase; and then, their capacity of excitement wrought to its utmost possible tension, they break into the general ebullition of transport with which the grand festival of the Exodus commenced, and they fill the air once more with their irrepressible praises of the glory of the everlasting King, whose triumph was not for the moment, but is eternally revered, eternally giving fresh tokens to his universal people of the greatness their universal praise can never equal.

It was an original, and, because original, a daring artifice to repeat this final movement, precisely from the beginning of the part, but we all are aware, the most no less than the least initiated in musical technicalities, how manifold the interest and the effect of a piece of music of any complexity of construction is increased by a second hearing, and Handel was as aware of this as we are; and thus knowing that nothing fresh that could be written would so powerfully impress his audience as that repeated which a recent hearing had enabled them to comprehend, he took advantage of the opportunity with which his text prompted him, and employed this artifice, the excellence of which, for the present purpose at least, is fully proved by its perfect success in exciting the auditory to the highest and the noblest enthusiastic exaltation, and by filling them with the sense of that Almighty greatness and power of which this colossal work is at once the celebration and the symbol.

London, March, 1857. G. A. MACFARREN.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The Charge of the Light-Kid Brigade.

BY UNISON.

"I am obliged to let Five Hundred Stockholders in for nothing" — *Ullman's Works.*

Down the street, up the street,
'Cross the street, onward,
Into the Opera House
Rushed the Five Hundred.
"Charge?" was the leader's cry;
"None!" was the proud reply;
On, on, to hear and see
Fair Piccolomini,
Into the Opera House
Rushed the Five Hundred.

Dead heads the right of them,
Dead heads the left of them,
Dead heads the whole of them,
Ne'er a head sundered;
Stared at with opera glass,
Manfully in they pass,
Into the Opera House,
Filling orchestra stalls,
Marched the Five Hundred.

Flashed all their heads so bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Under the chandelier;
Parquet and upper tier,
Balcony wondered;
Stared then the manager,
Counted their heads so bare —
Bald-heads, or heads of hair,
All of them dead-heads were —
Counted with greedy glare,
Said he was plundered;
Firm and unmoved they sat,
Sat the Five Hundred.

Lorgnettes to right of them,
Lorgnettes to left of them,
Lorgnettes behind them,
Opened and wondered;
Stared at by wondering eyes,
Sat they without surprise,
Said they had built the house,
Sat then as mute as mouse;
Out rushed the manager,
All that was left of him —
Stayed the Five Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the brave stand they made!
All the house wondered;
Honor the stand they made,
Gallant Light-Kid Brigade,
Noble Five Hundred!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Hint to Mr. Zerrahn.

My Dear Dwight. — I am a subscriber to Carl Zerrahn's concerts. Considering them eminently worthy of support, I subscribe on principle, and appropriate to my own use only a very small portion of the tickets I pay for. I imagine therefore that I have a perfect right to do a little grumbling if I feel like it, and have good reason. I am going to do a little now, and let me hope that your well known influence in musical circles may accomplish something for us.

Why, in the name of all that is reasonable or unreasonable will Mr. Zerrahn persist, year after year, in placing the Symphony first in the order of performance? There are forty good reasons why he should not, and for the life of me I cannot imagine *one* why he should. Such an arrangement is unmistakably a bad one, both for audience and orchestra. I consider it a mistake for an audience to be plunged suddenly into a classic Symphony, without having been in some appropriate way, prepared for it. The change from out of door life is too abrupt, and takes the audience at disadvantage. It is bad enough for the early comers, who take their seats leisurely and quietly, and who have an opportunity of composing themselves to a musical frame of mind; but what shall we say of those unfortunates (and the number is not small) who, belated, rush to the hall in hot haste, and all breathless and flustered, strive hopelessly to appreciate a Symphony of Beethoven's before they have recovered their wind? Any one who has ever tried this knows that it is positively atrocious. Not much worse indeed is it for those who unavoidably arrive half an hour late, and find themselves served to a most excellent course of side dishes and vegetables, the body and soul of the feast having already been discussed without them. These simply find themselves "choused out" of their share for which they paid in advance.

In writing upon this very matter in your paper sometime ago, I think you called the Symphony the "Piece de resistance" of the concert-room feast, and said it should be approached artistically and served after a few lighter courses. Precisely. A Symphony is to a concert what Bœuf á la mode or plum pudding is to a dinner; yet what man in his senses would ever think of beginning his dinner with plum pudding? Does a poor digestion count nothing?

Take the orchestra. As the classic Symphony is the best part of a concert, so is it the most difficult of performance, and requires the greatest accuracy in time and tune. With the most complete orchestras this accuracy is rarely acquired at the first start. It takes some little time for the performers to compose themselves into that state of perfect ease and self-possession which is so necessary to a perfect performance; some little time for the instruments to become well tempered to each other.

It is the same with every thing else; any artist, before undertaking a scientific performance, wants first to "get his hand in;" the painter always makes a few preliminary flourishes. Eminently is this preparation necessary where artists are combined as in a large orchestra.

Nobody pretends to dispute all this; the thing is as clear as the noon-day sun, and yet Carl Zerrahn won't see it. Can't something be done about it? Are we always to have the symphonies of Mendelssohn and Beethoven started out of tune? or supposing, even, that the Band commences in perfect tune, can not Mr. Zerrahn be made to understand that the tympanums and musical nerves of his audience, made discordant by the turmoil and hum of a busy day, require tuning just as much as his violins and drums?

Let Zerrahn lead off, then, with some richly harmonized and graceful overture, which shall settle both audience and orchestra well down to their work, and give subscribers who are belated, a little better chance. Then we can have the Symphony next, if you please, and what more appropriate finale can be desired for the *First Part?*

As to the afternoon concerts, where the same arrangement exists, I have nothing to say as I never attend them; but I think if the Symphony were played last instead of first, a good many who dine at two and half past two o'clock would drop in after dinner and hear it. I don't urge this point, however, because the freshness and vigor of an audience,—in its prime at the end of Part First—is apt to flag a little at the end of Part Second.

Far be it from me to rob Carl Zerrahn of one whit of the credit which is his due. We all know that his orchestra is as nearly perfect as can be. It is the very excellence of it which causes the blemish which I am writing about, to appear so flagrant; the more so as it might be easily rubbed out. DOUBLE BASS.

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 16. — A bit of a story to begin with.

In 1858, a good lady of Cincinnati, instead of waiting until Christmas or New Year, on the Fourth of July made her husband a present of another boy. Whether owing to the extraordinary amount of good music (!) which is always and everywhere to be heard on that particular anniversary, or to some other of the various causes, which might be studied out, time permitting, the history saith not — but the entire musical talent of the family centred in the little celebration of Independence. The family afterward settled in Cleveland, but upon a visit to Cincinnati, which the boy made when some fourteen years of age, he received from a kind friend, of all presents in this world — the right one, a violin. Of course father and mother did not wish young Independence to turn out a fiddler! What parent could? Still, they had no objection to his amusing himself that way better than loafing with bad boys. He however had somehow become impressed with the idea that fiddling for amusement was not enough; that he ought to study the violin, which is a very different matter. How to accomplish this? Yes, how? He was now fifteen — a little fellow, but with the right material in him. His father published one of the Cleveland papers, and the carriers could earn $1,50 per week. Good! Young Independence, through all one long, dreary winter, rose every morning at four o'clock, folded his papers, and started off on his round through the city, facing old Boreas, who used to come sweeping down from the icebergs of Hudson Bay, across the frozen plains of Upper Canada, sharpening his frosty breath by a little extra dampness as he skimmed the surface of Lake Erie, and then, as if maddened by the sudden resistance to his course, which the high lake shore presented, rushed with all fury into the still silent streets of the city, and venting his ire upon the few solitary individuals he found, — newspaper boys, and milkmen and the like. Sometimes the cold old wind amused itself by heaping the snow upon the steps and thresholds of the houses, and the boy had to spend the long weary morning in brushing it away, door after door, at least so far as to admit of his thrusting his paper beneath, and so he earned his $1,50 per week.

This money went immediately to a German, who

gave him two lessons a week upon the violin, and for the remainder some instruction in the German language. And all this time the boy spent his six hours daily in the public school, without neglecting his studies. By the time he was 17 he had proved that his taste for the violin was not a mere childish, transient passion, but that real devotion, which is one at least of the proofs of a true vocation. The boy too, had made such progress as to play in a concert with (I suppose) "tremendous applause."

He was already a victim of the Germany mania; but the means for its cure were wanting. His old Cincinnati friend, he of the violin gift, had not forgotten him, and now came forward with a proposition to send him to Leipzig to David for two years. Many were the pros and cons about sending the youth 3000 miles away among strangers, foreigners, temptations, and all that. But wise counsels prevailed, and the decision was, to let the instinct of his nature determine his profession.

In New York, where he came to take ship, he visited Ole Bull, and played to him, who encouraged him after this manner: "This," pointing to his own head, "is all right," and "this," pointing to his heart; "but you play shockingly," and so on; and gave him a letter to David. In September, 1855, he reached Leipzig, and the next month entered the Conservatory.

Of the three years since, one was lost by a severe attack of disease, but the other two have been nobly employed. The young man has been with us for a few days, and has let us hear him in Sonatas by Beethoven and Bach, and in show pieces by De Beriot, and Vieuxtemps. Last evening he played at Gov. Wright's, our minister, making a very marked impression. His tone is superb, his execution fine, but above all is the feeling with which he plays. An Adagio by Beethoven was given with exquisite tenderness, and at another period in the evening, Vieuxtemps' Yankee Doodle, be deviled with such comic effect that the audience might have sat for a daguerreotype of 'Broad Grins.'

MORAL.

HOWARD VAUGHAN is now just in the position of a Cambridge law student, who, having won high honors and taken his degree, finds it necessary to go into an office for a year or two to get the practical knowledge of his profession. So this young violinist, having gone through his regular course, needs one more year to make up for that which was lost, in which to gain that musical experience, to enjoy and benefit by those observations of performers, to hear and study all styles of music, and to practice himself in composition, — which are offered him nowhere on such terms and in such profusion as in the German cities. He should spend some months in Berlin, visit Prague and Vienna; in short, it would be well could he make the grand tour. This is however not in his power, and hence at present his great aim is to spend a year here studying with Laub, and improving the daily opportunities offered of perfecting his musical education in the highest sense of the term. His taste is for the best music — not despising however that of a more showy character if good of its kind. The impression left upon all his auditors last evening, is, that we have in him a young man of very high promise; one who we may reasonably hope will prove an American artist, of whom we may yet be proud. If my testimony is of any value to him in his struggle to gain yet another year of instrumental and contrapuntal study in this best of all schools, I give it cheerfully, gladly, and of my own motion.

The events of the week have been Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," and his "Orpheus and Eurydice," on Tuesday and Friday; the "Creation" by Stern's Singing Society on Thursday; Bülow's Concert of Music of the Future, on Friday; and a Symphony Soirée of the Royal Orchestra on Saturday, — a somewhat rich succession of evenings. There was also a concert of Salon music by the Brothers Ganz — not Garoz as it was printed before — but I forgot it and spent the evening elsewhere.

The "Creation." I have often enough spoken of Herr STERN, in former letters, as one of the best if not *the* best of directors for a choral society, I have ever known, to be under no necessity now of adding anything on this topic. The old readers of the Journal too, know how much I have praised the perfection with which the Society as a body bears its part in all grand performances, — indeed, whether upon the whole its chorus singing is not the most satisfactory in all respects I ever heard, I am not quite decided. As I listened to the choruses of the "Creation" the other evening, a great many things occurred to me to write, more particularly to certain country readers of the Journal. Some of them I remember still.

The persons of both sexes who compose the principal Choral Societies here, the 'Sing Akademie,' that of Stern, and several others, are all such as have a musical education, which would be thought in many cases quite remarkable with us. Most of them know something about the common rules of harmony, at least so far as enables them to understand the part, which their own tenor, soprano, alto or bass, as the case may be, has to play in the general effect. The music given them to sing is made a matter of study; they expect to find difficult passages, such as will require a great many efforts on their part to fully conquer, and they are ready and willing to work upon them. Such a society here is not composed of mechanics, men who support themselves by manual labor, but of the upper middle classes of a state of society quite unknown in our country. Many members will perhaps be professional musicians, — or if not, still persons, who have made music in its higher forms a matter of regular study. You may look upon the society in question (that of Stern), as composed of individuals who no longer need a teacher, a master, and who do not come together to be taught this, that or the other great work. But they wish for the pleasure of singing Oratorios — of course there must be a large number to do this with effect. The principle of the thing is this, that many musical people, having a similar desire to study certain grand works, club together, and pay a certain definite sum for the season to pay expenses, and in particular to hire the services of a thoroughly competent director. Having hired him they allow him to criticize them to any extent; they are no longer individuals, but members of a chorus, and the end aimed at is that the chorus sing well. Now Stern is not merely particular that the part go in time and time. The singers must pronounce their words alike, must notice the minutest points of expression, must sing each with the same care in his choral part, that he would in a song or solo. All do this gladly — have they not employed him to look out for all this? The result is chorus singing almost in absolute perfection.

Now, what is true here in Berlin is true also in other and smaller German cities. There is everywhere here, in towns of 20,000 or more inhabitants, among the educated classes — *not* among the common people — quite a number of people, who have made music really a study. In Breslau with its 75,000 population, about a hundred such persons formed a choral society, with the university professor of music at their head. But this hundred were picked men and women. Frankfort-on-the-Maine has its "Cecilia" society, and so all about you find them.

We can show nothing of the sort in our country. There is no distinct educated class in the sense of the term as used for Germany. We must look to men and women who labor with their hands for the materials from which to form musical societies, and with these materials as they may be found in New England, I verily believe, as splendid performances might be in the end attained as any where in the world. But to attain this something more is necessary than we have yet had.

First, I never yet attended a singing school either as pupil or visitor, where the instructor went a step beyond the mere reading of simple notation. The school was taught nothing about *music* — it was only taught to sing psalmody, a few anthems, glees and songs. And this for the very good reason that the teachers had never fitted themselves to go beyond this. I see as well as any one, that an attempt to teach harmony in a common singing school would be laughable. But surely we may have a generation of teachers able to call attention to harmonic effects, to the results of different combinations and successions of chords, able to show their classes what we mean by a fugued movement, by plain chant and florid song; in short, teachers able to get at least a step beyond the 1, 2, 3, and the do, re, mi.

Second. Having at length found a singing teacher able to go a step higher than the old ones were able to go, we must find a set of pupils who are willing to take hold of singing in earnest, are willing to work a little in the faith, that an adequate reward will follow in the new delight which music will open to them hereafter. We have the voices, we have the talents, we have the education, among the shoemakers and farmers and mechanics of Braintree and Randolph, and Holliston and Natick, — everywhere in New England — everywhere where the common school and the meeting house flourishes. Can these voices, these tastes, these talents, not be cultivated? It is absurd to suppose this. Let those, who take delight in singing, unite, married and single, and have their weekly meeting year in and year out, not minding a little extra expense, and employ as a director some one of the new class of teachers, that is gradually rising, I am happy to say, if what I saw last summer at North Reading gives not false hopes.

Third. In Germany, almost every town of a few thousand inhabitants has its official music director — with us there is nothing of the kind, and the musical class must depend upon its own resources. Now, no small town in Massachusetts, for instance, four to six thousand in population, can well give business enough to a music teacher of the right sort to support him. What now? Remedy simple. Suppose five or six towns in easy connection by railroad, for example, Milford, Holliston, Framingham, Natick, Ashland — associate in this manner, to wit — as Justice Bacon would say — viz: In each a musical society is formed. Each members of *both* sexes — for what cost, nothing is apt to be valued the same — depositing in advance annually a certain small sum for necessary charges; all these societies agree to employ the same music teacher and director, and to practice the same music; there being five towns thus associated, each takes a different evening for its meetings, so that there shall be no interference. Once or twice a year there shall be a general meeting of all the societies in each town, by turns, to have a festival performance of the music thus learned.

Now, as Mr. Weller remarked upon a certain occasion, the "advantages of the plan are hobvious." Here is at the very beginning a certain sum secured for the services of a director for a year, giving him employment five evenings a week. This is at once a strong inducement to a man of real musical culture and attainments to settle in one of the towns of the association, as he will naturally expect among the many persons with whom he is thus brought in contact, to find more or less who will wish for private lessons; and it might soon be found well for the interests of the association to pay out of the common fund for the special instruction of a few individuals of greater talent as solo singers. At all events such associations would soon be strong inducements to young men of talent to take particular pains in their musical studies to fit themselves for the place of director.

Again, besides the new musical enjoyments opened to the societies as a whole, opportunity will be given to young men and women to cultivate their musical tastes, and develop their voices. I heard voices last spring in Natick, which, if cultivated, would be worth $150, to $300 a year to their possessors; just such voices as are so much sought in choirs, but now of no value at all except as means of amusement to the singer himselt.

Again, I see in such an association a great step toward what has so long been to me an object of most earnest desire — the elevation of singing in the churches to — *music*. Instead of spending $50,000 in building ten little ugly wooden meeting houses, each just large enough for a family party, I would have two or three large noble ones, so that the children as they grow up may have some idea of the grandeur of what the Bible calls the great congregation! Instead of half supporting ten clergymen, I would have a pastor and a teacher, as in the good old Puritan days of Boston in each church. Instead of little boxes of whistles in the little meeting houses, I would have noble organs. Instead of half a dozen or a dozen untaught singers, I would have all the musical talent of the congregation in the choir, with a capable director. I would have the Psalmist's descriptions of the glorious music of the temple reduced to experience here as far as possible. And twice or thrice in each service, I would have some familiar choral sung in grand unison by choir and congregation, while the organ rolled out its grand Bach and Handelian harmonies. But as I cannot have all I could wish, give me at least that improvement in taste and the execution of common music which the musical societies above proposed could not fail to produce, and that too in a very short time. Did it ever occur to you what an immense sum of money in the aggregate the erection and support of the half dozen so-called orthodox societies, which are almost within a stone's throw of the State House in Boston, for buildings, preaching, music, and all the et ceteras, have cost, and still cost?

If the object in building little churches is to make the societies small bodies of exclusives — little family parties, to which none but 'our set' are to have admission, it is well enough; for a poor man cannot afford to take a pew in them. The Catholic understand this matter. They put up grand churches where all may come and can afford to come. But this is very wide of the mark — 3000 miles away from Stern and his singing Society!

Well, then, at this Society's performance of the "Creation," the other evening, chorus singing was heard in a degree of perfection, of which few of my country readers can form any adequate idea. But perfect as it was, delightful as it was, both to the singers and the hearers, almost if not quite an equal excellence might be attained at home, by persevering effort; and the course to be persued to attain it, as indicated above, is the result of many years of observation and reflection upon this very topic. Can anybody suggest a better? If so, please write immediately to the Journal of Music about it. Let us have discussion. Let us have the opinions of others. Let us know what people think.

Friends, you who have never gone beyond the Fast day or the Thanksgiving anthem in vocal music, you have no idea of the feelings which come rushing up from your heart of hearts, as you take part in the mighty flood of tones in the "Hallelujah," or the "For unto us a child is born," "Lift up your heads," and so forth in Handel's "Messiah." After walking three miles and a half to and from the Handel and Haydn Society, once a week in rain and snow, mud and water, facing the cold winter winds for three months together — when all was ready, and the public performance came, that one evening's sensation more than made up for all the toil and study and labor which it had previously cost.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Israel in Egypt.

Mr. Editor.—Was Handel the most sublime of all writers of music for the voice, or has the world been mistaken for these past hundred and fifty years? One might suppose from the tone of criticism in the Boston newspapers upon Israel in Egypt that his fame was all a mistake. Even the Courier, whose musical notices we generally read with great pleasure, thinks that "any complete work of Handel is too severe an infliction for an audience at the present day." That due allowance should be made for a difference of musical feeling in individuals I am well aware. No reasonable person can expect his raptures over any particular form of music to be shared by all his musical friends. We are differently constituted in this respect. The sense of melody is predominant and almost exclusive with some. In others the sense of harmony is most developed. The rhythmical faculty in a cultivated musical nature is led captive by the form of fugue when used by a master. But there are great works in every form (classic, if you please) which stand out boldly from the mass of ordinary composition and vindicate themselves to every musical nature. To this class, it appears to me, belong the oratorios of Handel, and preëminenty his "Israel in Egypt." How one can listen unmoved to such sublime description seems to me as strange as an insensibility to the works of Michæl Angelo. But the full force of either cannot be felt at once. To the casual glance a modern landscape, glittering in sunlight, and all the cheap effects of gaudy color, may be more attractive than a Salvator Rosa. Smooth and burnished water may please the eye more than the resistless roll of the ocean. Do we not find in the latter a type of the majestic fugues of Handel. His mighty genius is more fully recognized in the world at the present time than ever since his works appeared. Their popularity in England goes on increasing every year. Hardly a week passes without one or more of his oratorios being performed in London, while in the great cities of the north of England they have formed a taste which has made the chorus singing of Birmingham world renowned. In Germany as well as England Handel is fully recognized as one of the very few great masters. Even now all musical England and Germany are astir with preparations for festivals in his honor. Shall we in Boston pretend to put him aside as our newspaper critics recommend? Have our Handel and Haydn Society labored in vain for forty years?

X.

How Meyerbeer guards his New Operas.—"Dinorah" is the name of a new comic opera, by the illustrious Meyerbeer, shortly to be produced at the Opera Comique. The Parisians, who are incorrigible laughers at everything, do not hesitate to turn into ridicule the weak points of the great composer. They say:

During the rehearsals of the "Prophet," Meyerbeer had double doors put to the rooms in which the artists studied their parts, and only gave them these parts by piecemeal—a scrap at a time. The windows and shutters were kept rigorously shut. The watchman on duty had his ears stopped with cotton. The director of the theatre himself did not know a note of the score. During six months' preparation, the artists were not permitted to go out, except accompanied by sworn guardians; and, finally, before giving the artists their parts entire, they were assembled on the stage, at dead of night, and surrounded by red fires, required to take an oath, their hands grasping the blade of a tin dagger, not to reveal what they were studying.

In the strong room of the Opera Comique, there is, they say, an iron chest of formidable dimensions. This chest has a double lock, with two tremendous keys. One of these keys is carried by Meyerbeer; the other by Roqueplan, director of the Opera. In the chest lies the score of "Dinorah," reposing upon a crimson velvet cushion with gold fringe. Eight guards, armed to the teeth, relieving each other at intervals, keep watch day and night before the chest, with orders to fire upon anybody who refuse to keep his distance after being commanded so to do. At noon, the company of the theatre is assembled and solemnly marched past the sacred chest, each participant prostrating himself before the relic, as practiced in China before the head of the Celestial Empire. After this ceremony, there remain in the apartment only three persons; Meyerbeer, the manager, and the sentinel who dies but surrenders not. This veteran is ordered to go into a corner of the room, with his face to the wall, so that he may not witness what is to occur. All the preliminaries being satisfactorily settled, Meyerbeer turns his key, the manager turns his, the pondrous door of the chest opens, and the two extracts such portions of the manuscript as may be required. Meyerbeer then gives Roqueplan a formal receipt; Roqueplan gives Meyerbeer another; then the chest is carefully closed, the sentry resumes his post, and the two chiefs carry away the paecious bits of music, which are taught upside-down to the artists, in order eo prevent any possibility of theft or plagiarism.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 19, 1859.

Music in this Number. — This week we give the last four of the forty pages of Schubert's beautiful and brilliant Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," for Soprano Solo and Chorus, with pianoforte accompaniment, as originally written. It will be found a capital piece for a short oratorio performance, or for practice in choral societies and clubs; and it will have an interest just now as being another and more modern treatment, by a man of genius, of one of the same grand themes illustrated in Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

We wish here to add that we are indebted for the translation of the German words to Henry Ware, Esq., — a fact which we forgot to acknowledge, as we should have done, under the title of the piece.

Concerts.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The following was the Programme, as announced, for the fifth Chamber Concert, which took place at Mercantile Hall, on Friday evening of last week.

1 Quartet in D. No. 10: Mozart.

2. Piano Trio, in B flat, (dedicated to Mendelssohn: Reissig Messrs. Daum, Schultze and Fries.

3. Adagio and Finale from the Quartet in F. No. 48: Haydn.

4. Selections for Piano; Song without words, in A flat, No. 6, Book III: Mendelssohn. Impromptu, in A flat, op. 29; Chopin: Mr. Daum.

5. Quintet in E flat, op. 20: Beethoven. (Arranged from the Septet by the author.)

An accident (the injury of his arm by a fall) deprived us of the performance of the new pianist, Mr. Hermann Daum. But relishable substitutes were furnished at short notice. Instead of the Trio, the Club repeated a couple of movements from that "Rasounowsky" Quartet of Beethoven (No. 1, in F.) which gave such delight in the preceding concert, and which we always count clear gain. For the smaller piano pieces we were compensated by the fine voice of Mrs. Harwood, who sang to great acceptance Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair," and Sig. Bendelari's *Ave Maria*, (the composer accompanying at the piano), which proved remarkably well suited to the voice, and to *her* voice.

The Quartet by Mozart is one of the most interesting of the set, and was well played. A little of Haydn, too, seldom comes amiss. Beethoven's Septuor, in the original shape, with wind instruments, &c., would really be an attraction; but arranged as Quintet for strings alone, beautiful and graceful as it is, it had begun to be, we fancy, a little over-familiar and unstimulating to the musical sense of most habitués of chamber concerts. Parts of it, however, gave great pleasure. Why can we not hear more of the later works of Beethoven; a large part of the best of him is still unknown to our audiences.

Orchestral Union. The Music Hall presented a gay scene at the second Wednesday Afternoon Concert. The attendance was numerous, and we saw unmistakable delight in many faces throughout the exquisite movements of the well-known E flat

Symphony of Mozart, and the fresh, stirring greenwood melodies of Weber's sparkling Overture to *Preciosa*; while those, who found their own conversation more interesting than the Symphony, took frequently their turn to listen during the lighter items of the Programme.

Israel in Egypt.

This sublime Oratorio of Handel was brought out on Sunday evening, by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, before a large audience, but not large enough to save the Society from loss. The chorus was powerful, although the seats were not full. Unfortunately there are always some in such a Society who do not take genially to the laborious study of so great a work, and who will not try to appreciate it; these drop away from the rehearsals, and of course lose the power and the right to participate when it comes to a public performance.

On the whole, the great mountain chains of choruses came out more clearly and appreciably than we had dared to hope. Some parts were roughly treated; now and then one of the four parts timidly failed to come in at all in a fugue passage, leaving it to orchestra and organ to sketch out the figure; and there was a failure always to realize anything like a *pianissimo*, where such was needed for the sake of contrast. But most of the grand pieces moved superbly, and were intensely enjoyed by many, if not by all. The solos — whose very quaintness of an old style gives them a charm of freshness after the hacknied sentimental sameness of the current opera melodies and cavatinas, although it is fashionable, — perhaps natural, to call them "ungracious," "artificial," "antiquated," &c., were on the whole remarkably well sung; especially those by MRS. HARWOOD and by MR. ADAMS. The duet between MRS. LONG and MRS. HARWOOD, was a very successful achievement; and that for two basses: "The Lord is a man of war," by Messrs. POWERS and WETHERBEE, even stirred up those who called the Oratorio dull. The orchestral parts, and Mendelssohn's Organ accompaniments, played by MR. PARKER, lent efficient support; and surely nothing was, or has been wanting, on the part of the zealous and laborious conductor, CARL ZERRAHN. Yet many persons found the Oratorio "monotonous," "heavy," "too learned" for their comprehension, &c., &c., — as if the "Messiah" were not quite as learned. And so what with the fear of losing money, and distrust of the public, fully confirmed by the newspaper critics, the Society seem quite indisposed to let us hear the "Israel in Egypt" times enough to learn to appreciate it and to have a right (critics and all) to offer opinions, or anything more than diffident impressions, about it.

We need not here repeat our own deep feeling of the interest and greatness of this work, which we have already explained and justified in full. For the present we refrain from all criticism or argument (simply referring those who care to take the pains to find out what there is worth attention in a work esteemed by all intelligent musicians as one of the half-dozen greatest works the art of music has produced, to Mr. Macfarren's excellent analysis), and ask our readers to content themselves to-day with the perusal of the following delectable "criticisms" from some of our Boston newspapers. They will at least serve to show the great advance which we have made, just here and now, upon the artistic taste and judgment which has hitherto made the opinion of the world. And that their brilliancy may shine out the more boldly, we add to them by way of foil the opinions of certain "old fogies" who were once supposed to know something, and to love beauty, nature, truth, even more then they loved learning.

(From the Boston Courier.)

Handel's oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," was on Sunday evening sung by the society. The work belongs to a class which, although valuable to the musical student, is on the whole unsuitable for public performance. Detached fragments, illustrating the musical manners of the times in which such works were written, might be heard with advantage, and often with interest; but the undivided performance of even the best of Handel's oratorios is an infliction too severe for an audience of modern tastes to endure. As "Israel in Egypt" is not the best of Handel's oratorios, it follows that it must inevitably fall with fatiguing weight upon the ears of listeners, however anxious they may be to enjoy. The music does not fulfil the musical want of the public. Generally considered, it has neither sentiment, grace, nor vitality. Of course, there are certain noble exceptions among Handel's works, such as a few airs in "Samson" and "The Messiah," and some choruses in "Solomon," &c.; but it unfortunately happens that "Israel in Egypt" is unusually deficient in those qualities which charm or rouse the multitude. It contains no memorable airs, the few that relieve the pondrous masses of choruses being all in the meaningless style of rough roulade which composers in Handel's time uniformly followed—and the choruses themselves are simply an uninterrupted succession of fugues of the strictest, and consequently the least attractive, character. The greatness of Handel's choruses, in their way, is not to be disputed, but is a greatness like that of the Pyramids, which impress us by their colossal magnitude, but leave no memories of grace and beauty upon the mind. And so, of the fugues of which these choruses are mainly composed, it may be said that they resemble the intricate passages which penetrate the Pyramids, among which the unskilled traveller wearily wanders, vainly struggling for light, and stumbling distractedly through each new opening that presents itself, in endless and agonized confusion. For musicians, these fugal studies have a distinct value; but for the masses they are simply wearisome and unprofitable. It is difficult to find among the vast number of choruses of "Israel in Egypt" more than two or three calculated to produce any sort of popular emotion; and these owe their effect to the abandonment of the fugue, and introduction of a style of harmony in advance of Handel's age. Some of the choruses are composed according to the barbarous Phrygian and Dorian modes of the Gregorian system, and of course affect the ear unpleasantly, although the reason why is generally unknown. We are persuaded that the performance of such works as "Israel in Egypt," entire, adds nothing to the development of artistic feeling in the community, and that the labor and expense bestowed upon their preparation is a waste of means, which ought to be lamented rather than encouraged. The public really care nothing for them, and refuse to sustain the enterprise which produces them. Now, might not that enterprise be better and more successfully applied?

(From a facetious grumbler in the Transcript.)

ISRAEL IN EGYPT. What could possibly induce the Handel and Haydn Society to turn body catchers and snatch this decently interred thing from its well secured repose? Has a recent perusal of Champollion, Bunsen or Lepsius kindled an antiquarian spirit, and on this *score* they desire to give their own *notes* to the public? Why not let these poor old Egyptians and Israelites rest quiet in their sarcophagi, instead of exhuming their musty remains and forcing us to hark from their tombs a doleful cry of their plagues and sorrows? Why force them all to become wandering Jews, to be marched out and *handled* in such a way? The whole tribe is called on to the stage, and their troubles *rehearsed* in *base* words, the *tenor* of which is increased to *treble* force in mouths *unpracticed* in the lugubrious tones of the defunct Hebrews. The miserable Egyptians grope about in the midst of flies, lice, hailstones and darkness, and we hear of the first born, until we are inclined to smite the parents themselves to teach them not to whine in such dreary tones. We certainly sympathize in one thing, for we are "glad when the Israelites had departed." They go through the deep and the wilderness; and a deep wilderness it is, a howling wilderness, into which the poor people get, for the travellers run about every way but the right one.

Among the most particularly oppressive influences is that produced by the unfortunate victims who are thrust forward singly to bewail their fate. One youthful Jewess arises, and in a dreary strain as soggy as their own swamps, tells of certain frogs which had the impertinence to thrust their big noses into the king's bedchamber. Now a *hop* with such a Jewess must have been no small gratification to even an Egyptian gallant; but at such a prolonged croak as those frogs emit, even a negro's *"har" would* stand on end, and we long for a brisk *stave* wherewith to beat time over their stupid heads.

Two Israelitish matrons sally forth and insist that the "Lord is their strength," and a garrulous pair they are, for neither will let the other make the assertion without instant interruption; and judging from the amount of breath expended on the same remark, the Lord must certainly have endowed them with strength of lungs, at least. Whether their endurance would outlive that of their hearers we cannot say.

Then two stalwart fellows arise to endeavor to prove that the "Lord is a man-of-war." We can't say what the Hebrew idea of identity was. We have heard it proved that Jeremiah King was a Mango:—thus—Jerry King, Jerkin, Gherkin, Pickled Cucumber, Mango!—but how the Hebrews could make a man-of war resemble Deity is a question Cahen must settle. Nevertheless these two Israelites imagine something, for they *run up and down* in the most stupid manner, as though they were in a white *squall*. But whatever the *weather be*, it is beyond their *powers* to induce people to see any likeness to the great spirit of beauty in such a worn out old hulk as they have left their *shrouds* to halloo in.

A little Rabbi starts up to state that the "enemy said he would pursue." Now the enemy must have found it uncommon difficult and not particularly amusing, to pursue anything that *ran* in such a *style*, as a *method* of *delivery*. If any of *Adam's* race tries to cross such *bars* and leap such *spaces*, without *accidental slides*, at no very *long intervals* neither, he must be *double sharp* and very *flat* footed, if ever he expects to *rest* after it.

When this little Rabbi disappears on the run, there comes forth a lovely Jewess, who affirms that the "Lord did blow with the wind," and a *pretty long* blow it was, and a strong one, too. What else but the wind the Lord could blow with, she could not suggest; but it is blow up and blow down, and blow over and blow on, till the *blow* becomes so heavy that the hearers are themselves inclined to *blow out*. It is certainly a *head wind*, directly in the lady's teeth, and may be a trade, for it *crosses* more than one *line*, and then *crosses* the audience. If it should blow on such a *scale* often, it wou'd tend, in a *measure*, to make people *quaver* at its *crochety turns*, and *shake* at the sound.

One grand announcement made by the whole tribe is that "the people shall hear, and be afraid." Here is a certain fact! For those who hear these lugubrious sorrows of fly-bitten Egyptians and itinerant Israelites will surely be mortally afraid to hear them repeated. Let them rest in peace! Only think of reviving those respectable old people to be reminded of their extensive use of fine-toothed combs, and the digs they gave their cutaneous troubles thousands of years ago! Think of exploring the post-pliocene deposits of Egypt, to unearth the buried batrachians which disported themselves among the defunct king's gaiters and unmentionables! Let the ancient worthies rest undisturbed in their pitch! Seek not to inoculate the life of 1859 with the blotches and blains which bother the whole medical faculty of Egypt, who wrote *stylish* prescriptions without pen or paper. Let us re-inter the exhumed antiquities. Let us occupy our *quires* with words of thanksgiving for their *departed worth!* S.

(From the Atlas and Bee.)

The Handel and Haydn Society commenced their 43d season, last evening, at the Music Hall, by giving entire Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt." The hall was fairly filled, but the receipts could not have been sufficient to meet the expences. This oratorio consists almost entirely of choruses; the solos, a few in number, are of an indifferent, unattractive character. Several of the choruses are extremely grand and majestic; for instance, Nos. 7, 18 and 39 in the printed programme. These will be attractive at all times, but we doubt very much if the oratorio will be considered of sufficient interest to be again performed. It has been shelved long since by the sacred musical societies of Europe, and now only a chorus or two is ever introduced into the oratorio performances. The Handel and Haydn Society probably intended to follow the examples of the English societies.

(From the Boston Journal.)

We must confess that the early hearers of this work formed a correct opinion of its merits, nor do we wonder that they were so readily cloyed with its monotonous series of choruses. The bare idea of *twenty-eight* choruses in thirty-nine numbers—*eleven* of which follow in regular sequence, with no pause for a solo, and these of such a character that the voices are constantly upon a strain—is enough to cause ennui; we think that will be admitted.

The only approach to a solo, that had distinctive outlines, was the duet (excuse the Hibernicism) between Messrs. Wetherbee and Powers, entitled, "The Lord is a man of war," and as it came about midway in the programme, the audience received it with unction, as a herald of something more brilliant—or at least less monotonous—to follow.

The Society were wise in announcing but one performance of this work. Where an audience with patience to sit through so much blatant vocal music, or lungs for the performance of it can be obtained, we are ignorant.

(From MENDELSSOHN'S Preface to the Score of "Israel in Egypt," as edited by him for the Handel Society in London.)

"The Council of the Handel Society having done me the honor to request me to edit "Israel in Egypt," *an Oratorio which I have always viewed as one of the greatest and most lasting musical works*, I think it my first duty, to lay before the Society the Score as Handel wrote it, without introducing the least alteration, and without mixing up any remarks or notes of my own with those of Handel. In the next place, as there is no doubt that he himself introduced many things at the performance of his works which were not accurately written down, and which even now, when his music is performed, are supplied by a sort of tradition, according to the fancy of the Conductor and the Organist, it becomes my second duty to offer an opinion in all such cases; but I think it of paramount importance that all my remarks should be kept strictly separate from the Original Score, and that the latter should be given in its entire purity, in order to afford to every one an opportunity of resorting to Handel himself, and not to obtrude any suggestions of mine upon those who may differ from me in opinion.

"The whole of the Score (excepting my Organ Part and Pianoforte Arrangement, which are distinguished by being printed in small notes) is therefore printed according to Handel's manuscript in the Queen's Library. I have neither allowed myself to deviate from his authority in describing the movements in the Score, nor in marking Pianos and Fortes, nor in the figuring of the Bass.

"....With these exceptions there is no deviation whatever in the Score from Handel's manuscript, which I found to be more correct and accurate than the printed editions, in spite of the great haste with which Handel used to write down his works.

* * * * * * * * *

"As for the Organ part, I have written it down in the manner in which I would play it, were I called upon to do so at a performance of this Oratorio. These works ought of course never to be performed without an Organ, as they are done in Germany, where additional wind instruments are introduced to make up for the defect. In England the Organist plays usually *ad libitum* from the Score, as it seems to have been the custom in Handel's time, whether he played himself, or merely conducted and had an Organist under his control. Now as the task of placing the chords in the fittest manner to bring out all the points to the greatest advantage, in fact of introducing, as it were, a new part to compositions like Handel's, is of extreme difficulty, I have thought it useful to write down an Organ part expressly for those who might not prefer to play one of their own. * * * * The descriptions of movements, metronomes, pianos and fortes, &c., which I would introduce had I to conduct the Oratorio, are to be found in the *Piano-forte Arrangement*. Whoever wishes to adopt them, can easily insert them in the Original Score, and he who prefers any other is not misled so as to take my directions for those which Handel wrote himself.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

London, July 4, 1844.

MOZART'S OPINION OF HANDEL.

Mozart regarded Handel as the highest among all composers. He was as intimate with the chief compositions of this master, so unsurpassed in his particular field, as if he had long been the director of the London Academy for the preservation of ancient music.

When the Abbé Stadler, after Mozart's death arranged his musical manuscripts, he found many proofs of his constant study of Handel's works.

Mozart said, "Handel knows best what produces effect. Where he wants it, he strikes like a thunderbolt."

Mozart's predilection went so far, that he composed a great deal in Handel's manner; of which, however, little has ever been printed. According to Stadler, he used also subjects from Handel's works in his famous Requiem: thus the theme to the *Requiem* and to the *Kyrie* are taken from him.

He went farther than most of our present amateurs, he valued and cherished not only Handel's Choruses, but many of his Airs and Solos. He says, "Although Handel sometimes suffers himself in them to go on in the manner of his times, yet they are never without meaning."

Even in the Opera of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart wrote an air in Handel's manner, marking it thus in the score: this air, however, is always omitted in the performance.

Handel's greatest cotemporary, John Sebastian Bach, said of him, "He is the only one, whom I should like to see before my death, and whom I should like to be, if I was not Bach!" When this was told to the greatest composer after him, Mozart, he exclaimed, "Truly, I would say the same, if I could have a voice where they are heard."

(From Schœlcher's "Life of Handel.")

This oratorio is now sung constantly and everywhere. It is included in Mr. Hullah's *repertoire* at St. Martin's Hall; and each time that I have attended its performance there, the one shilling pit was filled with a compact crowd of persons, among whom I have noticed many who were following the score with small octavo editions. The popularity of such a transcendant work is an incontrovertible proof of the high point to which musical education has arrived in England. * * * *

The lyrical Beethoven called him "the monarch of the musical kingdom. He was the greatest composer that ever lived," said he to Mr. Moscheles. "I would uncover my head, and kneel before his tomb." Beethoven was on the point of death, when one of his friends sent him, as a present, forty volumes by Handel.

He ordered that they should be brought into his chamber, gazed upon them with a reanimated eye, and then pointing to them with his finger, he pronounced these words, "There is the truth."

MUSIC IN PROSPECT. — We need not remind our readers of the Complimentary Concert to Mr. TREKELL, at the Music Hall, to-night. There is every assurance of a full hall, and an admirable concert. For particulars of programme, &c., see advertising columns. . . . . Another AFTERNOON CONCERT next Wednesday. . . . . MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB again next Friday evening, Mr. ADAMS, tenor, and Mr. LANG, pianist, assisting; a Quartet by Schubert, Quintet by Beethoven, Capriccio by Bennett, Songs by Franz, &c.,—best programme of the season.

ZERRAHN will have a fine concert for his third (Feb. 26), when he will give us the grand old C minor Symphony, the overtures to *Tannhauser* and "Seige of Corinth," a Polonaise from Meyerbeer's *Struensee*; singing by MRS. LONG, and a Mozart Pianoforte Concerto, by MR. LANG. Zerrahn has the Choral Symphony in preparation! . . . . Report speaks highly of the rehearsals, under the direction of Mr. J. R. MILLER, of the cantata: "The Haymakers," by G. F. ROOT. He has a finely trained chorus, and a strong force of soloists. See Card.

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, FEB. 14.—Seldom, if ever, has there been in our city such a dearth of music — good or otherwise, as we have experienced this season. A few artists have visited us, but their reception was not brilliant enough to attract others. From "native talent," of which we used to talk much during the "hard times" — musically and financially — of last winter, we hear little. The Mozart Society has given three of a series of four concerts; the first two with superior programmes and small audiences; and the last with an inferior programme, and an audience proportionably large.

Some notice has already appeared in your columns of the successful establishment in this city of an Academy of Fine Arts. Within several months, its principals, Misses ROBINSON and GARDNER, have added a new department — the French Institute, where the branches usually pursued in academies are taught in the English and French languages by native teachers of the highest ability. The first public examination took place on the 1st inst., and the large audience assembled must have been convinced of the sterling worth of the school as they listened to the intelligent and prompt recitations of the pupils. The remarkably pure pronunciation of the junior classes in French — classes of children between five and twelve years of age, was a matter of general surprise. The school made a novel appearance — "more European than American," as more than one spectator remarked. The young "French Cadets" appeared in their neat uniform with tri-color decorations, and the misses wore silken sashes of the French national colors. Vocal music, under the direction of the teacher, Mr. A. STOCKING, added grace to the occasion; and the happy pupils, their happier friends, in the midst of scenes made beautiful by Art — such scenes as Ruskin tells us all school-rooms should present, furnished a picture worth seeing, and, by your leave, worth recording. On the evening of the succeeding day, the rooms of the combined institutions were opened, and the pupils welcomed their friends to the number of a thousand or more, to the festivities of a social re-union.

A.

HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 6. — In my last letter I spoke of the "comming," as the large posters had it, of the wonderful boy pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON, who was to have given a Concert here on the Thursday evening following; but owing to the non-arrival of a "Chickering Grand," which was expected from Boston, the entertainment was postponed until Saturday evening, — but only to disappoint the artist again, from the same cause, and oblige him to perform upon a "Chickering Square" after all; for which casualty we may well be thankful, as it gave us two opportunities to hear him play, instead of the "one only" which was advertised — it being at once announced that the concert would be repeated on the next Tuesday evening, on which occasion the tardy "Grand" would be used. But where is ARTHUR NAPOLEON! — "grand," "square," "upright"—we are anxious to *see* the wonderful prodigy, if not to hear him under the best advantages. Shouldn't blame him if he didn't make his appearance at all before such a thin house! Ah! there he comes, with a one-sided, nervous gait — pale, delicate countenance and slender form — long, dark hair carelessly pushed behind his ears, and black, Spanish eyes, well contrasted by the very paleness of his face, — now putting one hand on the edge of the piano, he bows briefly and takes his seat. But what nonsense to say that that mere boy, scarcely taller than the instrument at which he sits, — equals Thalberg in all the force and delicacy of his playing, — don't believe it! There! he has commenced, — those religious tones of "Luther's Choral," in a fantasia on the "Huguenots," composed by himself. Who ever heard a square piano sound like that before in a large hall — rich, firm, and distinct? See! with what astonishing execution he is encircling that glorious old tune with a delightful halo of sound — piling up the difficulties as he advances, like an orator with his theme, — and this is just where Arthur Napoleon excels all other pianists I have ever heard, not excepting Clara Schumann, i. e., he is an orator as well as an elocutionist, and it is in the combination of these two, and only two, important qualities that our great players fail, as you may very well know.

Onward he pushes, like the great Napoleon, conquering difficulty after difficulty, as he takes up the different subjects from the opera, and finally closes with the bold, opening chorus, *Piacer della mensa*," which he works up in a most masterly manner, bringing forth enthusiastic applause as he leaves the stage.

I am almost tempted to burn this letter, because I feel as though I could not speak of this marvellous youth as he deserves. "Trovator" has written of him, and I can endorse all that he has said, and a great de l more.

The next piece which he performed, was that difficult Polonaise of Chopin's, opus 53, and which he dashed off from memory! Any one who has ever played it, may vouch, I think, for the octave difficulties in the left hand. It was splendidly delivered. Then came two most exquisite *morceaux*, by Pauer, "La Cascade" and "La Chase." Who could have touched that instrument more delicately and conveyed more expression than did that *child* of fifteen?

I need not go further than to add that the concert was a magnificent success; for the feeling came over all at its close, that it was the finest pianoforte playing that had ever been listened to in Hartford, without any exceptions; and that must be the verdict wherever he goes. Arthur Napoleon was assisted by Miss ANNA VAIL, and Mlle. CECILIA FLORES. The former is a fine singer, without saying much for the natural sweetness of her voice, — executing her

cadenzas, trills, &c., with remarkable ease and grace. Of the latter I must say, that the beauty of her face found more admirers than her singing; which is nothing strange, I am sure! She is of Spanish descent, and a young lady of refinement and education.

At the Second Concert, on a "Chickering Grand," young Arthur played, with telling effect, Thalberg's "Somnambula;" a "Nocturno," by Chopin, Opus 9; Konski's "Carnival de Berlin; his own "Caprice on the Huguenots;" Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," and the "Prayer from *Moses*." The house was again thinly attended, — which, with a severe cold which he had, must have materially affected his playing — as he afterwards remarked.

If people read "Dwight's Journal," or even any other musical paper, regularly, they would be saved from making themselves quite ridiculous by asking such questions as — "Is Thalberg a *singer?*" or "Who is Arthur Napoleon?" — Not knowing whether he be a "banjo player," or a "dancer on the tight-rope," — and this will explain why the hall was not better filled on the two evenings above named.

Napoleon has given two concerts in New Haven, and is now on his way South, where he will doubtless be greeted with all the warm-hearted enthusiasm for which the Southerners are proverbial.

Aside from his Piano-forte precocity, Arthur Napoleon is a remarkable youth — playing chess quite as wonderfully as he does the piano, — reading and speaking with ease, the Spanish, French, German and English languages — discussing various authors in the above dialects — and even writing novels for his own amusement, — modest withal, and gaining heaps of friends wherever he is, by his most agreeable affability and politeness. H.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 5. — Will you allow me to say a word by way of correction in reference to a statement I have seen once or twice in your paper — made by some correspondent, I believe, to the effect that a young lady we hold in high regard in this city, where she is well known, Miss HENRIETTA SIMON, of whose talents and promise you speak in deservedly commendable terms, was a pupil of Madame LAGRANGE. This is certainly a mistake. Miss Simon, who first began to appear in the world at this place, was not a pupil of Madame Lagrange, and acquired what proficiency she possesses quite independently of that distinguished lady. She is indebted for those excellent qualities you very justly acknowledge her to possess, to altogether another source.

You must know that we have out here in the West a Master of Music of rare competency and uncommonly fine attainments. A very superior man in many regards; and a teacher of music of the most accomplished qualifications. Himself a singer,—let me say, with a full comprehension of the weight of my words, —equal within the range of his fine baritone voice, to any singer now known on the stage — he knows experimentally the chief requisites of a cultivated singer, and how to develope the natural capacities, and give them force, purity and activity. It is to this man, I wish to say,—to CORRADI COLLIERE, whose musical abilities are only surpassed by the genuine excellence and modesty of his character—Miss Simon is indebted first and last, allowing for her fine natural qualities, for her present attainments, and her prospective promise as a vocalist. It is easy to make this clear to any questioner, but as Miss Simon herself gratefully acknowledges the claims of her real teachers, this simple counter-statement by one who knows whereof he affirms, may be sufficient.

I shall send you in a day or two, a sketch of the state of music in this place, with some mention of two or three juvenile celebrities — locally speaking — of whom you and the world will yet hear something. For, having produced some world-renowned pictorial artists, we are not to be behind, we are encouraged to think, in musical ones, as I will illustrate by and by. Meanwhile we are to have here a grand opening of a grand new Opera House; a really fine affair; scarcely second to the New York Academy, and built by the same man, with many improvements on his previous performance. This elegant hall is to be opened with a civic festival on the 22d inst. The Operatic opening, with the Strakosch Troupe, is fixed for the 17th of March; of the particulars of which event also, I will endeavor to take care that you are properly informed. For the preliminary festival, dance, or whatever it may turn out to be, there is nothing now to be said, but it is to be a dashing affair, overflowing with gaiety and mirth, music and feasting, the whole to be illuminated by some 1200 jets of gas, and enlivened by the wit and beauty of the State. Of the Opera, we may hope there will be something to say, when it comes, of more consequence. Till then farewell. LEPORELLO.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEB. 10. — We have formed a society here, on the plan of the *Maennerchöre*, to practice part songs with male voices

The nucleus of our organization was composed of a few gentlemen who, having for some time been in the habit of meeting and singing at the rooms of our present conductor, had formed a strong relish for the kind of music which we have since determined systematically to cultivate. Opportunity seeming to favor, we took the first steps toward a permanent institution, and very soon found a sufficient number of gentlemen ready to take hold of the enterprise in earnest, and who became more interested with every rehearsal. We found too, that although the absence of the ladies must take away somewhat from the ordinary attractions of a singing circle, yet the suggestions (not to say the reproofs) of our director could be made much more explicit and pointed, without danger of wounding sensitive feelings, which are said to abound where soprano voices predominate. We find no practice better fitted to give a perfect *ensemble*, and a correct intonation than just these songs for male voices. Our officers for 1859 are: *President*, HENRY JOHNSON; *Secretary*, J. S. COOKE; *Treasurer*, S. WADSWORTH; *Conductor*, A. W. DOHN.

SALEM, N. C., JAN. 24. — Several months ago you gave us the letter of a correspondent of yours, in one of the South Western States — wherein he very amusingly, and, no doubt truthfully, portrayed the "musical" taste prevailing in that part of the country. That your friend's description is applicable to a large portion of the interior of the Southern States, my own experience and observation compel me to admit; but to show you that we have occasional oases in these musical deserts of ours, I enclose you the programme of a concert given a few weeks ago by the "Musical Society" of this place. You will perceive that, with the exception of the first piece, the music is purely classical; yet, notwithstanding its high character, it was well appreciated, and appeared to be heartily enjoyed by our audience.

Overture, "Crown Diamonds: Auber.

Chorus from "Paul," "Oh, great is the depth": Mendelssohn.

"Hark! Hark! the Lark!" Four-part Song: Kuecken.

Solo and Chorus from "Lauda Sion," "Sing of Judgment": Mendelssohn.

Parting Song, Male voices: Mendelssohn.

"Sun Chorus," from the "Seasons": Haydn.

"Waldvöglein," Four-part Song": Mendelssohn.

"I waited for the Lord," From "Lobgesang": Mendelssohn.

"Farewell!" Male voices: Mendelssohn.

Chorus from Mass, in C., "Kyrie": Beethoven.

First day of Spring, "Come balmy Breezes," Four-part Song: Mendelssohn.

Chorus, "Great is the Lord:" Mozart.

Our Society consists of about 30 vocalists, and an orchestra of about 14 instruments.

With one exception our members are Americans, and all but one or two are natives of the place. Our village has a population of 1200 or 1400. B.